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Book and Job Printing
EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LINES.

It is a lovely morning,
The Sun is shining clear;
And nature is rejoicing
In the harvest of the year.

'Tis now the Indian Summer,
And October's mellow light,
Sheds a glory on the forest,
Ere the leaf shall take its flight.

The sky is bright above me,
And cheerful sights abound;
And yet I sit in darkness
With this beauty all around.

My soul has no communion
With joyfulness and mirth,
The shadows hanging o'er me
Obscure the light of earth.

Dejection casteth o'er me
The blighting influence now;
I feel its ice within my breast
The chill upon my brow.

My thoughts are with the perish'd
And wasted things of life;
They hang about its partings,
Its sorrows and its strife.

Companions who have fallen
To death an early prey;
Friends long ago departed,
Return to me to-day.

They seem from out the darkness,
And dampness of the tomb,
To speak the words of warning
In sadness and in gloom.

The world of bliss and glory,
I've sometimes hoped to see,
Now seems a place far distant,
Or non design'd for me.

But see, the yellow sunbeams
Are making nature glad;
And birds are singing praises,
And why should I be sad?

Has the light of hope departed?
Have earthly blessings flown,
That the Muse should breathe new numbers
In such a pensive tone?

Why should a wife and mother,
Whom God has hourly blest,
Permit such idle fancies
To rob her soul of rest?

Is not my God and Saviour,
As merciful to-day,
As when I knelt in youthful years,
Before his throne to pray?

Away then, Melancholy,
Thy whisperings must cease;
I'll go about my duties,
In cheerfulness and peace.

ORTHONA.

"Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."—Pa.

How dark and drear this vale of tears,
A comfortless abode;
In all my joys a grief appears
To bid me trust in God.

When sickness and attendant ills
Increase my painful load,
And poverty, which friendship chills,
Then let me trust in God.

When subtle slanderers combine
To form a chastening rod;
At my hard lot I'll not repine,
But calmly trust in God.

When foes without and foes within
Beset my thorny road,
I'll look to "Him who knew no sin"
To help me trust in God.

When I am called with friends to part,
By death's relentless nod;
Or when my soul must feel the dart,
On then I'll trust in God.

Oct. 28th.

KINDNESS IN CONNECTION. The way to make people forsake their errors, is to treat them kindly. Speak to them in a calm and gentle manner. Harsh words should never be indulged in, thinking to reform any one. If a person wishes to correct me of any fault, he must do it kindly and affectionately, or I should be much worse for his interference. Remember that kind words cost but a trifle, and the effect, even upon our own disposition, amply repays us for any exertion we make.

POPULAR TALES.

MARIE LAMBERT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HENRI QUATRE; OR THE DAYS OF THE LEAGUE."

Louis the Fourteenth was alone in his closet, occupied with state documents, memorials, and petitions. The royal visage grew dark as it glanced over the contents of an ill-written, badly spelled placard which had been torn from the *cheval de bronze* on the *Pont Neuf*, and placed before his majisty. A small, silver hand-bell was grasped in anger, and a page obeying the hasty summons, was despatched in quest of General Gombaud. The monarch placed the placard carefully aside, and had waded half through the document next in turn, when the general was announced.

Achille Gombaud, bearing the rank and honors of general, had been withdrawn from the army of the frontier, to be placed in command of the newly established police department. The qualities which secured the nomination to this post were cunning, vigilence, courage—not unmixed with ferocity—and a harsh impenetrability of manner and department which repelled familiarity, and kept aloof sympathy. His age was past sixty, his face long and wrinkled, the nose hooked the chin prominent, eyebrows blanched and grizzled, arching over a pair eyes unusually large and impassive, though not unmeaning, wandering from object to object, with quiet glance watching their prey, though confronting steadily the beholder who had the temerity to encounter their gaze. The general's body was slightly bent through force of habit, or perhaps age, though he afforded no other indication of infirmity. The head, as monsieur walked, projected over a heavy gold-headed cane—essential adjunct in preserving the equipoise of the overbalanced figure—save when, on meeting acquaintance of superior rank, to whom he was obliged to extend civility—then the huge head, with its long wig, was thrown jauntily back, the cane dangled at the wrist, whilst with arm extended, he proffered the contents of the customary gold snuff-box.

"How—general," exclaimed Louis in displeasure, "have you yet caught Daru, or any of his associates?"

"May it please your majesty—I have not" replied the general, bowing profoundly. He spoke in a tone unusually subdued, for he foresaw a storm, and depreciated its wrath.

The anger of Louis found loud, though measured vent, in expatiating on the indignity the crown had suffered by a king's courier being stopped and plundered within two miles of Paris—by the robber, in bravado, daring to avow his name, his authority over a large band of brigands—by the many outrages committed within the city by this self-styled Daru, from the consequences of which—to the scandal of the monarch and disgrace of the new intendant of police—both he and his associates had, as yet, escaped scathless their haunts or hiding-places untracked, unknown.

Gombaud, in apology, failed not to extol in liveliest colors, his own unwearied zeal in promoting and animating the researches of his satellities. But Louis demanded angrily whether the general were content to lose the laurels he had won in Flanders, by allowing himself to be foiled by a street-robber? If he were, the King of France certainly was not disposed to sit quiet whilst his despatches were stolen, and the messenger who bore them plundered.

"May it please your majesty," rejoined Gombaud in a humble tone, "your majesty's subjects are so loyal, that I feel convinced even this Daru would never have perpetrated the outrage, if he had known when he commenced the assault, whose livery he so wantonly insulted."

"Ha!" exclaimed Louis, musing awhile—then adding, after a pause, "I hear, general, that you have found leisure to be smitten with the charms of Marie Lambert, daughter of our notary of that name. When does the marriage take place?"

The intendant of police was perfectly disarmed of this question—it was not the blushing dismay of a youth of two-and-twenty; no mantling crimson flushed his withered cheek, yet he looked sadly confused. He foresaw the too palpable inference, yet was he forced to confess that to-morrow was fixed for the happy day. Gliding back adroitly to the original subject, he informed Louis that in addition to the royal reward of twenty thousand crowns for the apprehension of Daru and the gang, he had added, a further encouragement to his officers, five thousand more, payable from his own purse.

"Twenty-five thousand!" said the king, affecting to ponder—then suddenly addressing the general, whilst he handed the placard torn from the *cheval de bronze*, "your liberality, Monsieur Gombaud, is far outstripped by Daru—for see! affixed to the statue of our immortal ancestor is Daru's proclamation, offering fifty thousand crowns for the person of General Achille Gombaud, fairly bound and gagged!"

Gombaud, hitherto unaware of the existence of the libellious and careing placard, was about to speak when the king motioned to be silent.

"When I appointed General Gombaud," said Louis, in a quiet, dignified tone, "to the command of our police, I was guided in the selection by his reputation for strict discipline. I heard he was a terror to evil-doers. His age gave warrant that he would not be easily turned from the strict vigilence of duty to join in the frivolities of Paris. Let him recollect the he *was* general of division—that he is *now* lieutenant-general of police."

When Gombaud bowed himself out of the presence—forbidden further defence—he looked so crest-fallen that the young page in waiting, though quite inexperienced in courtly physiognomy, stared at the heretofore pompus official with astonishment. But the youth's wonderment recalled the general to self-possession, and by the time he had passed the musketeer at the palace-gates, he looked as impenetrable and callous as usual.

"*Was* general of division—*am* lieutenant-general of police!" muttered Gombaud, repeating the words of his majesty; "that means, I suppose *shall* be prisoner in the Bastile, if I cannot catch Daru! And good friends have I! or this cursed placard would not have found its way to the closet; and my marriage to the little sylph Marie! all conversation for the back stairs! *pasques dieu!*"

So went on murmuring the doughty Achille, vowing vengeance against his secret martyrdom to the brigand chief—when he caught him; yet the image of Marie gradually took possession of his mind. To-morrow was the wedding-day—a hundred calls had he to make, and as many audiences to grant—the coachmaker, the jeweller, the upholster, and numberless others; they had furnished his new house and stables it is true but he was dissatisfied—it was his nature—there was much to alter and adapt to his taste, and no time to do it in. But who is that sour looking wretch watching so suspiciously the equipage of Madame La Marechale—perhaps Daru! No—it is one of the general's own myrmidons. Curse Daru! Was there no peace for a man on the eve of marriage?

Monsieur Lambert was a notary of considerable practice. Of low extraction, he had acquired by industry and parsimony a fair fortune, and was blessed with an only child—Marie Lambert, heiress of his wealth. Like many of that class, whose affluence enabled them to compete in external splendor with the noblesse, he was anxious to ally himself with a family of note. In addition to antiquity of descent, General Gombaud possessed another coveted acquisition of a son-in-law—the personal favor of his sovereign. None had more free access to the Tuileries than Gombaud—no one oftener surmounted to private audiences. His age—perhaps too old—but then age has its advantages. Marie in a few years would be in condition to make another alliance with all the advantages of a widow of one of the high official station. Monsieur Lambert being a widower Marie was therefore deprived of a mother's aid, to advise or remonstrate in her behalf, so the unequal marriage was decided on. The notary's house, indeed, gave shelter to one of her own sex, a crabbed housekeeper, who was not without influence, but she was far from being friendly to mademoiselle.

Among the friends of the contracting parties, the approaching marriage was the subject of much merriment. Monsieur Lambert's sapiring predilections being well known, excited no surprise; nor was it a matter of astonishment or novelty, that an old man was smitten with a youthful face, owned by a pretty heiress. But the contrast between bride and bridegroom was too striking to escape the ridicule of Parisians.—Marie was but sixteen, and looked younger; her figure *petite*, her deportment graceful—but it was the gracefulness of extreme youth: the features were small and regular, and though exceedingly pretty, when lit up with a smile, very fascinating, yet in ordinary they wore a pure, demure expression, as of a girl but just escaped from the discipline of the conventual school. Let us not, however, put too much confidence in the innocence and simplicity of a face, though it hath seen but sixteen summers.

Marie by the side of Gombaud! Achille Gombaud, awful, portentious, if not venerable, at the feet of Marie! Was it not ludicrous! Would she not run it was asked, to place herself on his knee—ought not the general to have a pocket well stored with *bonbons?* Would she hang to his skirts in the streets, not to out-strip his slow stately march?—Such were the questions asked each other by friends picturing the ill-matched pair.—Much ridicule had been spared during the courtship, by the extraordinary demands on the general's services: for what with searching after Daru, appeasing the irritation of Louis, and forwarding the marriage preparations, poor Gombaud was in sad perplexity, and had but little time for wooing—it must be owned much to the satisfaction of the future bride.

In a dingy back room, in Lambert's house, opening from his own office, sat the notary's clerk, Adolphe De Regnier. He was a distant relative, an orphan, born in the south of France, who in utter destitution had travelled almost barefoot to Paris, attracted by one solitary star of hope—his kinsman's wide-spread reputation.—Lambert would perhaps have disowned the claim but finding the youth wrote excellently, in several styles and characters, he placed him in the office, at a salary which did keep soul and body together. Adolphe as yet had managed to subsist—but it was as much as he could do—while he rented a miserable lodging in the most miserable and dismal portion of the city, by mounting seven or eight stories to the top of a house situated in the *Isle du cite*, in the most lonely, and as it was averred, dangerous street in that quarter. But Adolphe had nothing to lose, and was without fear. Occasionally, when his services were hard tasked, he was invited to a seat at his kinsman's table, which brought him more closely and socially in contact with the notary, the ill-natured, prying housekeeper, Josephine, and last though not least esteemed the demure little beauty, Marie Lambert.

The same day which witnessed the interview between Louis and the chief of police, beheld Adolphe, as usual, at his desk. On this occasion he was busily engaged engrossing the fair-copy of a document, the rough original of which, scratched by the rapid hand of Lambert, lay outspread before the youth. It was the marriage-settlement. The task had more than ordinary attraction for Adolphe. Whilst engrossing the usual run of official papers—a dull mechanical employment—his mind was far away, revelling in the forest of his native province, or if wandering for a moment back to Paris, it was but to listen to the passing steps of Marie, and wonder if she were happy. But as he slowly progressed with the marriage settlement, his thoughts grew intense and concentrated; he felt uneasy, restless, miserable, as though threatened by some impending calamity. His eyes were suffused, the room tenseless; and he could scarcely decipher Lambert's characters, which seemed magnified, blurred, distorted; and he threw down the pen in despare. Marie, as it appeared by the document, had a second baptismal name—it met the eye for the first time—was illegibly written, so he passed into the notary's own office to inquire the correct spelling. Lambert had quitted the house, and the youth, emboldened by he knew not what feeling, resolved to make the inquiry of Marie herself. Fortunately she was alone in the family parlor.

The maiden exhibited considerable surprise at his appearance—for he was neither favored by invitation, nor had ever assumed the privilege, of encroaching unasked on domestic privacy of the family—but he could discover no trace of displeasure. She looked with some alarm at the half-open door leading to an adjoining apartment, which he had the tact to close ere he approached where she sat. As he held in hand the rough draft of settlement—ready excuse, if necessary, for wandering from his post—Marie, supposing he was in quest of her father, broke silence by saying Monsieur Lambert had gone out on matters of business. The quick eye of Adolphe ran over the various articles outspread on the table at which Marie sat—caskets of jewelry, lace, velvet, and thrown carelessly aside, an opened note—doubtless, as the youth thought, the perfumed billet of monsieur. But amid the marriage-presents, she looked unquiet, unhappy.

"Every thing," said Adolph, "reminds me that we shall soon loose mademoiselle—even the difficulty which made me venture here." And he explained the cause which obstructed further progress in engrossing. Marie, with a faint smile afforded the information—adding in reply to his insinuation respecting the marriage, that she should be happy, and so, she was sure, would be General Gombaud, to see her cousin Adolphe at their hotel. It was the first invitation Marie, as bride, had given, and she uttered it almost stammeringly, blushing the while, but whether at her own awkwardness, or from other cause, could not be divined. Adolphe was double awkward in his acknowledgments—in fact, he knew not what he said—but gaining courage, remarked that from slight experience of Paris, he much preferred the mode in which marriages were conducted in the south. There, it was the occasion of merriment and hilarity—dancing and feasting for many days together—every one was happy. Adolphe ought to have known better than to indulge in this strain—perhaps from previous confusion he was glad to launch any topic on which he could expatiate with facility, and, like many in a similar predicament, blundered from bad to worse. Poor Marie burst into tears. He flew to her side, upbraiding himself aloud for having foolishly spoken aught which could give pain.—He had been guilty, he confessed, of having somewhat exaggerated of unhappiness, and prayed forgiveness. Could he require the misery afflicted, his services—the services of one poor and humble in means, though proud of hope, love of an unspotted name, proud of being known to Marie Lambert—were at her command—he lived at her service.

The chivalrous declaration, couched in language more high flown than the maiden had ever heard addressed to herself—for Gombaud, perhaps not insensible to ridicule, wisely helped out his tender saying with a gold trinket, a present of Valenciennes lace—caused her to smile and blush tears. She had moreover to assist in which she was perhaps red—serpents were there to bite—no monsters were there to slay—only a service for him of the gold-headed cane. We know not whether his image were present to her thoughts, but it certainly was not absent from the mind of Adolphe, who had a very great desire, at the moment, to encounter in mortal conflict the doughty general. Be it as it may, the warm Provencal blood of the youth, enabled not by what it had already done and said, was raised into motion by the half-physical spirit which pervaded through his veins.

"You hate this marriage, mademoiselle," exclaimed the youth, "and I will prevent it!"

"Adolphe! Monsieur Adolphe! what mean you?" cried Marie, in alarm, rising from the chair.

"Only confess you abhor the alliance!" cried Adolphe, his eyes sparkling with fire, his hand grasping the delicate fingers of the maiden.

"Well, I will, monsieur, if you be but quiet and silent," rejoined Marie, endeavoring to release her hand.

"Then you do hate General Gombaud?" continued the youth.

"I cannot say otherwise was true," replied Marie sorrowfully.

"Then, away with him forever!" exclaimed Adolphe, tearing in twain Lambert's draft of the settlement.

Marie could not avoid laughing outright at the energy and folly of her champion. She pointed out what was equally as plain to him—the utter impossibility of the scheme—for to-morrow was the wedding day!

It would be difficult to assert how far Marie was guilty of wilful intention in leading Adolphe to the final proposal deliberated. The offer certainly was his own, and with him must rest the responsibility, but we do not acquit our heroine of participation in bringing it about, though as her finesse equalled her delicacy, we cannot afford verbal proofs. Adolphe demonstrated clearly there was no escape for her but by substituting himself in lieu of General Gombaud, and instead of waiting till the morrow for the old man, to accept on the instant the younger one. The damsel certainly hesitated, but Adolphe affected to treat her scruples as only a hesitancy arising through not seeing the path clear—the original idea was good, but wanted much perfecting to be effectual. He had a partial acquaintance with the Cure of St. Elizabeth, who would require but slight pressing, if backed by extra fees, to perform the ceremony immediately.

But to avoid suspicion, it was necessary Adolphe should return to his desk after the marriage, for the remainder of the day, and forego the society of his young bride till the evening—it was equally essential she should have a plea of absence, sufficing to Monsieur Lambert. If that point were gained, and love conquered her antipathy to accept the shelter of his dismal, poverty-stricken roof for one night, they would at early morn depart with the Marseilles and southern post, whilst to distract pursuit, when it was discovered both had fled, he would leave in his desk at the notary's the pretended copy of a letter, inferring a very different route from the one really taken. In the south he had relatives, who certainly had shown themselves averse to assist him in his orphan state, but who would be strongly tempted to offer aid when it was known he had espoused the heiress of the famed notary, Lambert. By their intervention a reconciliation might be effected, or at least protection afforded against the abduction of the bride, by their father or the friends of Gombaud.

Such was Adolphe's plan of campaign, nor was the demure, innocent-looking little beauty behind hand with her lover in framing and adjusting her own share in the exploit. She had been educated at, and resided under the roof of the Benedictine Convent till the age of fifteen, was the favorite pupil of the Lady superior, a personage of great sanctity, high in the confidence of Monsieur Lambert. Owing to the secluded and parsimonious style of living of the notary, for many years a widower, and till the last twelvemonth, without even the presence of a daughter to grace his house, Marie, on quitting the convent, found herself destitute of female society, and her father through the influence of Josephine, indisposed to encourage it. Her loneliness led to frequent visits to the convent; now on the eve of marriage, deserted by the bridegroom, whose brain was half turned by Daru, Louis and marriage preparations. Without the society of youth of her sex to abolish the last evening of maiden liberty, & sympathize with hopes and fears of the bride, Marie (we thought and told Adolphe, might very naturally be supposed to entertain a wish of passing a few hours with her kind friend, the lady superior: and if she left on her father's desk a little intimating she had been invited by the Lady superior to receive her blessing, about to enter upon the eve of entering a new career, absence would meet with approbation rather than censure. So reasoned our demure little beauty at present.

"But Adolphe!" cried the damsel suddenly, as the thought occurred, "what hours of misery shall be in your deserted room till you return! And suppose we were tracked or watched by Josephine, whilst you are at your desk I might be carried home, or taken to General Gombaud's hotel!"

Adolphe smiled mysteriously. "Fear not, friend," I have a curious adventure to relate connected with my dismal rooms, at your next visit, which I will tell when we come from church. It will make Mademoiselle quite easy and General Gombaud will not trouble her; though I confess, I fear, I cannot remedy!"

Cheerily, cunningly as the lovers manoeuvered Adolphe quitted the notary's house, followed as it was done by Marie, whose first thoughts turned on the surprise which the bridegroom, almost demented on his heroine, would experience on arriving in the morning to assist the bride from church, and not in the decorative mysteries of the toilet, to find her flown: yet, cleverly as the scheme had been managed, and much as the youthful couple prided themselves on the stratagem, they had totally forgotten the possibility of being overheard. The prying Josephine, who had at Adolphe's intrusion into the parlor, first been an attentive listener, and heard nearly all that was said. Desirous of making Marie in her father's esteem, she suffered the maiden to leave the parental roof, that the offenders might be caught in the very act of offence;—whether dragged from the altar during the ceremony or separated in the holy sanctuary previous to or af-

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ter the espousal—for she deemed the clandestine marriage of no avail or force—the more humiliating, and marked, the disgrace of Marie, the more her aim and long pursued intent would be served. The notary, however, was so long absent that Adolphe was again at his desk, slowly finishing the marriage settlement, ere the former came home, accompanied by General Gombaud. The rage of the notary, when he learned from Josephine what had occurred, was furious and intense, and he was prevented only by the united strength of Gombaud and the housekeeper, from rushing into Adolphe's office and inflicting summary vengeance on the youth; but passion subsiding, he agreed to leave the punishment of both culprits to the management of the worthy pair.—That his daughter, whom he had caused to be educated so strictly,—should fling herself away on a strolling beggar, whom he had taken into his office through pure charity—whose only claim was some twentieth degree of consanguinity—seemed monstrous, unnatural!—to run off with a vagrant, without even previous attachment in order to escape an alliance which would cast a splendor on the humble name of Lambert, was beyond endurance! Such was the tenor of the notary's exclamations, till gradually soothed by the officious Josephine, he allowed himself to be partially comforted, and retired to his chamber to await the proceedings of Gombaud and his female ally.

It was their intention, in the first place without affording the least chance of suspicion to Adolphe, that both should repair in a hired coach to the vicinity of the youths's lodgings remove by force if necessary, the young truant convey her to the Benedictine Convent, there to receive at the hands of the worthy superior such reproof and imposition of penance as the flagrancy of the case demanded. As for the male offender, he was to be permitted to leave the notary's unharmed, that he might suffer the exquisite troments which awaited arrival at his miserable garret on finding the bride flown. 'Sharp pang enough for one evening,' said Gombaud, chuckling as he gained Monsieur Lambert's sanction to those proceedings. On the morrow, a severe lecture, followed by a fortnight's solitary discipline in the Conciergerie or other public prison, and being turned adrift again on the world,—would be as the doughty chief of police remarked, perhaps punishment enough for all parties, unless it should be judged expedient to call to service account the *cure* who had performed the ceremony, and who must be summoned, at any rate, to the Archiepiscopal Palace, that the registry might be formally cancelled.

The vehicle was ordered to stop a short distance from the house pointed out by Josephine as the residence of Adolphe— she knew the spot having been there more than once when the youth fell sick and was unable to attend to his duties. Gombaud alone descended from the coach to reconnoitre—it being judged expedient to avoid as much as possible the gaze of neighbors, or inhabitants of the lower floors or the youth's aerial lodging—cursing, as he went, the necessity of mounting the lofty, dilipidated pile of building; a hard task sweetened only by thoughts of revenge. 'Twas the second door, as Josephine said, beyond the narrow street he was now crossing. In passing the corner, he was accosted by a man in mean attire, whose first impulse on beholding the general, was rapid flight, but quickly regaining composure,—made humble salutation to the functionary, respectfully inquiring whom he sought. Gombaud, who had been gaping skyward, wondering whether the lofty attic window projecting from the roof, was the hiding place of *la petite miguon*, answered the interrogation without particular survey of the party addressing him.

"Adolphe De Regnier!" rejoined the man, "'tis the second poor *au huitieme* down the side-street.

"Sacre!" growled the general at the very moment of *huitieme*. But was not the courteous stranger wrong, for he had been directed the second door beyond the intersecting street? His informant, however, described the person of Adolphe so correctly, that Gombaud concluded he had been misinformed by the housekeeper, and entered the doorway pointed out. He had reached no further than the foot of the stairs, when the street door was closed against his retreat—a loud whistle was succeeded by the voice of the obliging stranger, who, pointing a pistol at the general's breast, bade him stir not a foot till requested.

"Welcome! thrice welcome, General Archille Gombaud!" exclaimed his jailer. "I am rough, but *mille pardons!* Who would have expected this honor? General! I am Daru!—nay, drop the cane, or I shall lose temper; I am rather fiery, like the flint of my pistol. Comrades!" continued the robber, addressing half-a-dozen ruffians who came rushing down stairs at summons of the whistle, "comrades! I have saved fifty-thousand crowns—for, behold! I have taken the general myself; but I shall behave liberally—we halve the reward."

"Villains, will ye murder me in cold blood?" exclaimed Goubaud, planting his back against the wall and feeling for his walking rapier, but in vain, for it had been already dexteriously removed without his knowledge.

"No—we murder not," replied the chief, "we will not hurt a hair of your head; but mayhaps may find means to send monsieur to Martinique, or Africa. Our hearts, general, are set on good King Louis making a second choice, for you are—excuse rudeness—a trifle not to our taste!"

Gombaud, still undaunted, attempted further resistance, but was immediately lifted off his feet and carried up stairs, swearing and shouting horribly the while, till a stop was put to the noise by a gag. Two of the party, meanwhile, by their leader's order, left the house—one jumping into the coach beside the old lady, whilst the other mounted the box, and commanded the coachman to drive forward.

A weary afternoon and evening for the impatient Adolphe, with the accursed marriage settlement before his eyes, along which he travelled with tortoise like progress, oft throwing down the pen to picture his young bride, frightened, solitary, dismayed, setting in the dismal chamber awaiting the slow hour of his return. Once—'twas soon after return from the church—Josephine came peering into his office, with some idle excuse in her mouth, eyeing him intently till he grew frightened for the safety of the dear secret. Perhaps, as he thought, she missed Marie; but, however, the crabbed house-keeper departed without hinting her thoughts; and great was the relief of Adolphe that Monrieus Lambert came not near to observe his ill-concealed agitation.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SENATE.

The Senate, it is presumed, will rather be the selected arena from the opposition attack and assault. To that conspicuous point—and, in this connection, to that memorable theatre—the whigs are rallying. They are making their strongest entrenchments in that body. The Senate chamber will be the great arcana of contest, and there the whigs will send their best gladiators. This is to be their great point of attack upon the measures of the adminstration. The whigs have some strong men. Undoubtedly, it would be uncand id not to make the admission, that in the Senate, particularly, the opposition will embrace in its ranks some of their strongest men. Several of this description, whom there will be little difficulty in identifying, have long since been invested with a notorious distinction—as much or more, for their political errors, as for great mental endowments. With such instruments, then, for hostile annoyance, it may be expected that in the Senate the alarum will be rung, and that there the panic tones of the tocsin will be heard. In the Senate the "party words" will be pronounced, and their current value will be stamped and authenticated. In the Senate the party cues will be given, and from thence the political text elsewhere to be discoursed upon will issue.

But, notwithstanding the fact that the democratic party has sustained a significant loss in that body to which we are alluding, by the retirement of several eminent statesmen to other public stations, or to private life—notwithstanding we have recently lost Messrs. Buchanan, and Walker, and Woodbury, (a whole host in themselves) yet in the Senate, too, we are strong in talents, and stronger yet in the great measures now upon the eve of their introduction. If indeed, the hope we are indulging shall be realized, some of the seats in that body, recently left by distinguished occupants, will again be filled by statesmen of great reputation and abilities. There are now in that body some of our strongest champions—men of mind and men of worth—orators and statesmen, who are distinguished in our public councils, who have shivered many a lance with the opposition, and are able to meet and to overcome the stoutest knights of the whig party.

But suppose even that the boast of the whigs have some force in them—suppose their champions in the Senate are redoubtable as they assume them to be,—policy would there be marked out for our observance?

Should not—*will* not the democratic party employ all the means which a unity of purpose, a sympathy of design, can and will supply, to counterbalance the assumed advantage of the other side? What will not a fraternal cohesion, and the spirit of general concord, not effect for the good of the republic, identified with the success of democratic principles? It will—it *must* accomplish all that is *desirable*—all for which that party has striven since its earliest struggles.—What ray of hope can the opponents, entertain? Are they indulging idle hopes from our imaginary division? In this they will be grossly deceived. Our union is our strength. It was proved to be so in the late campaign. It will be found so in the Senate. It should then be a common purpose prevading the hearts of all—the rank and file—the great men and the small men—to tie more closely the ligaments which bind us together—bonds which have hitherto secured success, and which alone can guaranty it for the future. It will require this exalted and disinterested spirit in meeting assaults and avoiding difficulties, which no party and administration need hope to escape.'

We copy the above article from the Washington Union, for the double purpose of expressing in the first place our hearty concurrence in the views therein expressed as to the great importance to unite, and harmonious action by the present Congress, and also to express our opinion of the ability of the democratic members of the Senate, to maintain and defend the justice and necessity of those measures.

This is the first session of that Congress which was elected under the pledges of the democratic party on matters of deep public concernment, as promulgated at the Baltimore convention, and as reiterated to some extent by Mr. Polk in his letter to Mr. Keen. This Congress meets under the most favorable circumstances for accomplishing the great objects for which it was selected, and for carrying into practical operation those great principles of the republican creed which the people in the election of Mr Polk, decided to be essential to the welfare of the country. In both branches of the national legislature we have strong democratic majorities are sustained at all points by the well settled expression of their constituents in favor of the great measures which will be brought before Congress.

The annexation of Texas, one of the great prominent issues recently before the country, though now nearly consummated, will still be opposed with all the force and ingenuity which the opposition can bring to bear upon it. On this question the people expect a direct straight forward, manly course on the part of Congress, and will be satisfied with nothing short of the *immediate* and complete consummation of the measure. The time for discussion on that measure has gone by—the time for final action come.

The Oregon question—that twin measure with Texas, which was united by the people, and which should never have been separated by Congress, must be taken up and placed in its proper position, in the very front of the great measures of this administration. The people will no longer be content with having this great question covered up and chouked to death by the slime of negotiation. They demand *action*,— such action as will be effectual, and place the rights of the nation to the Oregon on such a footing as that our claim shall be no longer doubtful or disputed. That line must be "run and marked," at the earliest period at which the proper notice under the treaty can be given to Great Britain.

The Independent Treasury—that system of security for the treasure of the nation which federal folly destroyed, must be reinstated, and the money of the people placed beyond the reach of defaulting officers or swindling banks The present is a time peculiarly favorable to accomplish this object. It is a time too, when it is absolutely necessary that this great precautionary measure should be put into operation. At this time the change can be effected without serious injury to any interest and a wholesome check thereby placed upon what all prudent and sagacious men preceive to be the incipient stages of commercial disease and derangement, induce by bank expansion, which will ultimately be followed by explosion and collapse.

And last, though not least, the Tariff, that great regulator of the industrial affairs of the nation, the antennæ of which reach the pockets of every man in the nation and abstract therefrom the fruits of his industry almost without his knowledge, must be revised and corrected,—its burdens fairly and honestly apportioned upon all in proportion to their ability and its benefits alike laid open to all. The necessaries of life must not longer groan under the load of enormous exactions while luxuries flow into the lap of the wealthy untaxed; nor must the great mass of our people be longer made to pay tribute to the favored few

These are the great leading measures which the country expects will receive the careful attention of the present Congress. In relation to these they expect their wishes, as expressed in the Baltimore resolutions will be honestly and fully carried out.

Have we men in Congress who are able and willing to meet these issues, and defend the rights of the people in opposition to the stipendary servants, gigantic or God-like even, though they may be, or associated wealth, and a bank paper aristocracy? We answer unhesitatingly, yes; enough of them—men good and true—men able, honest, and faithful. So far as the House of Representatives is concerned, this seems to be universally conceded. The same is as true with regard to the Senate. And here we cannot forbear to remark that we have witnessed with pain the remarks of some democratic Journals, which have spoken of the democratic members of the Senate in terms, if not of absolute depreciation, at least of apparent doubt upon the point. And of this latter character, the article which we have extracted from the Union, to our apprehension, in some degree, partakes. Some of these papers affect to believe that in consequence of the withdrawal of certain distinguised democrats, men of strength and talents, it is true, that our friends in the Senate will present but a feeble front, and be unable to maintain a successful contest with the old champions of federalism. Such opinions are most unjust to the able, true, and faithful democrats now in the Senate, and entirely without foundation in fact. What if such men as Wright, Buchanan, Walker and Woodbury have left the Senate to serve the people in other stations? Have we not other good men and true, left, who are abundantly able to defend the right expose the wrong? Shall we talk of want of strength while such men as Cass, McDuffie Lewis, Dix, Fairfield, Atherton, and a host of other tried veterans remain in the Senate? Shall we ask for champions to meet the giants of the opposition while that old veteran Thomas H. Benton, who has stood in the front ranks of the democracy for the last quarter of a century and before whose powerful intellect the stoutest men of the opposition have ever retreated in dismay, stands at his post? No; with such members, such unity of purpose, such honesty, such talents, such experience, we have nothing to fear, but every thing to hope. Good men have retired from the Senate—men as good still remain. Let federalists assail and slander them, it is their vocation and their habit, but let them not be depreciated or doubted by democrats, either by innuendo, or implication. Such a course is unjust and uncalled for. [Age.

☞ An intelligent farmer in a neighboring town states that about the last of August he visited his potatoe field, having about five acres planted with potatoes, for the purpose of examining the condition of the crop. He pulled here and there one hundred hills and after examining the potatoes dropped them back into the hill and drew up the earth about them. On digging his potatoes he found the rot had made great ravages but in every hill he had pulled up early in the season he found the potatoes, all of them perfectly sound. It is his opinion that if he had dug his potatoes at that time and dried them he should have had a fair crop of good potatoes. We give this fact for those interested to think of. [Bangor Courier.

Use of a Lady's Stays. About 3 o'clock on Friday evening a respectably-dressed female, named Margret Mullen, was observed by the officer on duty to leave the Victoria Dock The officer fancying that she was much bulkier about the upper part of the body than her natural form and figure would seem to admit, had her taken to Bridewell and searched, and there it was found that her stays, which were made of white calico and glaced with black tape, were not whalebones as ladie's stays generall are, but that in place of whalebone, there were long pieces of foreign manufactured Tobacco, of about three pounds weight altogether. She was brought before Mr. Rushton, on Saturday; and ordered to pay a fine of 20s or to be imprisoned seven days. The stays were publicly exhibited in Court, and were very generally examined. Their appearance excited much laughter and gossip. [Liverpool Albion.

☞ Mr. Colman in his report on English Agriculture states that the science of gardening near London is a substantial science; and young men are as carefully educated in its various departments, as in any of the learned professions, and receive a patronage according to their skill and merit. Under such circumstances, Gardens are managed with a skill and enterprise worthy of all praise, and sure of rewards much more substantial.

The editor of the Danvers Courier has seen a pair of Kid Boots the upper leather of which was only a fortnight before, a raw hide. In that brief space the leather was tanned curried and made up.

From the Eastern Argus.

PERPETUAL MOTION AT LAST.

A mechanical genius, possessed by nature with no small modicum of natural philosophy, who lives in Livermore, in this State, has discovered (as he verily believes) what Sir Richard Arkwright, of spinning jenny memory, and a thousand lesser lights have essayed in vain to invent, viz —*perpetual motion*.—The name of this genius—and he is one truly—is SEWALL B. WALTON, of Livermore, a blacksmith by trade who, after toiling three years, and making over seventy machines that would not "come it," has now the satisfaction of believing that he may rest from his labors, with the proud exclamation, *it is finished*.

Walton, it seems, was endued with fortitude and perseverance of the most resolute kind.—He had a little property, and a small family dependent on his labors as a blacksmith, for their support. This he provided in abundance from his earnings, till within three years, when the bold design entered his head to accomplish some great thing that would bring him fame, wealth and honor. At work in his shop one day, his eye and his mind's eye were at once directed to the revolutions of a waggon wheel, suspended in his shop for repairs. The thought struck him, and he could not get rid of it, that the revolutions of a wheel could be made, in it self, perpetual. Like a true genius, he wished to see it done, and the wish became father to the thought. He accordingly went to work, with the great idea constantly before him, and after three years, and exposing himself to the censure of the brainless, and the comments of the superficial, lo and behold! he comes out of great tribulation into the regions of bliss! His face, once shrouded in gloom, beams with a radient joy, and he now looks back with proud satisfaction, on the fruits of an *invincible and persevering industry*. In other words, he has made a self moving machine, by the aid of which a clock may keep time, without winding up, for months or years, or pehaps till time shall be no more; and there is no room to doubt—no ground for deception about it. Others have attempted the same design, but have utterly failed;—but Walton, I think, may defy scrutiny, and challenge the world to produce a machine so perfectly indicative of perpetual motion as that of his.

It will be remembered that about thirty years ago, a man named Redheffer, (and he must have been a *heifer* in every sense,) undertook to exhibit a machine in New York city, showing the principle of perpetual motion. From this exhibition he made a large amount of money. Citizens attended in crowds to behold it. Every genius in the region was seized with a mania to behold the man and thing, as though heaven and earth hung upon the sight. Many exclaimed, as they hurried to this wonderful exhibition, in the language of Paradise Lost—

"Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn
What creatures there inhabit, of what mould
Or substance, how endued, and what their power."

And thus was the whole city in constant commotion. The public press was filled with communications from men of science and wisdom, all of whom agreed that science had now conquored—that man had nothing more open to his discovery, save a certain knowledge of that kingdom which is not of this world. At length, however, that prince of mechanics, Robert Fulton, who was then engaged in his steamboat project, was with difficulty persuaded to go to the place where the last and best invention of man was to bless his astonished vision. He did so, and discovered by his nice and quick sense of sound, that if the inventor was a *Redheffer*, the spectators were blushing *calves*, for he at once proved the concern a *humbug*. He knocked off a few laths on one side of the machine, and exposed to the astonished vision of numerous auditors, a piece of cat-gut extending to an upper story, in which an aged and famished negro was reclining, with the handle of a crank in one hand and a crust of bread in the other, both of which he kept in constant motion.

But, Messrs Editors, in Mr. Walton's machine there is no chance for deception. It is in a small compass, and its chasms are exposed to the "prying eye of curiosity," for the modest sum of 25 cents. He has shown his machine to many of the most scientific men in Boston, who pronounced it the very thing itself. It only lacks *motive* power, which cannot be applied to it in its present shape for any purpose of utility save the keeping of time.

I trust Mr. Walton will exhibit this wonderful piece of mechanism in this city, when he gets a new model, which he has gone home to complete. He is a true mechanic—one of nature's noblemen, and such men take far more pleasure in doing *good*, than the veriest loafer can possibly do in practicing evil.

October 30, 1845.

Decision. There are two traits of character—partly natural and partly acquired—which contribute largely to comfort and happiness—decision of mind and promptitude of action.—In regard to the first, we are not sure indeed, whether it be not better to risk the chance of sometimes being wrong, rather than to encourage the miserable habit of irresolution, which ensures a succession of failures and never leads to a victory; while a procrastinating temper, however clear the judgment, continually suffers the important moment to pass away unimproved. Train yourself to it then—learn to say yes or no before it is too late to render them available, and when you have said yes or no, follow up the course of action thus indicated, before the purpose cool. Never permit yourself to dawdle with a "well, I don't know—hum—haw—I can't say how about it." But if you want time, ask time to think and then 'yes" or "no." Bless you, life is too short to spend so much of it in shifting from one leg to the other like a goose, and in twisting your buttons like a gander. Know your own mind—jump along, and get out of the way, like Mr. Daniel Tucker.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, NOVEMBER 4, 1845.

THE ENGLISH PRESS—SYMPTOMS BAD.

The London Times of a recent date contains an article in relation to the United States Steamship Missouri, of a most abusive and insulting character. It will be recollected that this vessel was burned by accident during the last year, at Gibraltar, while on her way to Alexandria, with the United States Commissioner to China, Mr. Cushing, on board. Not long since a quantity of hand-cuffs and leg-shackles were fished up from the wreck, which the English press, with the Times at their head, for the purpose of injuring the United States in the estimation of other nations, denominated "Slave Shackles," and magnified their number to 20,000,—their actual number being not over 150. The Times, it appears, in its leader, endeavors, and labors hard, to convey the idea that the Missouri was no better than a Slaver, and that these irons were on board for the purpose of ornamenting a cargo of slaves, instead of being a part of her equipment,—an equipment, by the way, with which every vessel of war is supplied, to be used in case of mutiny in time of peace, and to secure prisoners in time of War—a fact which the Editor of the Times, no doubt, knew very well. But he and his colleagues have a purpose and an object in their malignity and misrepresentation of everything appertaining to this country. Their ancient prejudice has become unappeasable; and in gratifying their own malice, they desire to stir up the lower classes of the British nation—those who have to do the fighting—to the same degree of intensity towards us, that they, the Times especially, have so long manifested. It is upon the question of slavery, and every circumstance connected with it, that they seize, with the most greedy relish, and distort beyond the bounds of probability, by which they hope to inflame the public mind in England to the point of war, and by which they would render that war effective, which they do so much to provoke, and which their whole course shows they consider at no great distance ahead.

We do not hesitate to express the opinion that a conflict with Great Britain is much nearer than is generally supposed. Indeed, it is our deliberate belief that a conflict with that power cannot long be avoided. Her movements in China, in the Pacific, in South America, on our own coast, and in every dock-yard in her dominions, show that she has a fixed and hostile purpose towards some power worthy of her prowess and her arms. If there were nothing else to fix public attention upon the point and the people at whom she means to strike, the temper and spirit of her press would not leave us in doubt. The London Times, as the leader of its class, is unsparing and unremitting of its abuse of our people and our Government.—There is no cessation in its labors, and no qualification in the terms of its opprobrium. We are a pirate nation—we have annexed Texas; we are Slave dealers and man-stealers—because we have got among us the system which they fastened upon us; we are republican—democratic—free—advancing resistlessly in power and wealth, and our example is seen and felt throughout the world. This alarms her fears, and excites her hatred. The abuse and contumely which she heaped upon us previous to the war of 1812, had the same object then that the her infamous vomitings of malignant misrepresentations have now. She wishes to inflame the national feeling to sustain the blow she means to strike. It is her custom first to abuse those upon whom she intends to make war.

Well, let her strike. It is a game at which two can play; and we promise her that the blow will be returned in the proper spirit, and with something of interest. And for ourselves, when the sword is again drawn to maintain our independence—our freedom—we say, let the work be complete; let it never be returned to the scabbard whilst British power, or a British subject has a place upon the American continent.

Look out.—The Burlington Free Press says there is a dangerous $2 counterfeit in circulation on the Bank of Burlington, Vt., Letter B. payable to Henry Clay, dated Aug. 1, 1841, filled up with blue ink—signed R. G. Cole, Cashier, E. T. Eagleby President. Vignette, on the right hand side a bee hive, and the head of Franklin on the left. There is no bee hive on the true bill. The bills are fresh and new and well calculated to deceive.

An Apple Story.—The New York Courier tells the following "tough one;" our readers may believe it not as they please.

"A curiosity, in the way of an *apple*, was brought to the office yesterday. It was dug up on Saturday, on Eighth street, on the ground in the rear of the building formerly known as the *Sailor's Snug Harbor*. This ground was filled in about 1825; consequently this apple has been buried for twenty years, yet, when exhumed, excepting that its skin was black as ebony, it was plump, solid, and juicy, and undecayed. After exposure to the air the fruit shrivelled somewhat, but is still solid and juicy. It was imbedded in clay without any covering around it."

An Editor Robbed.—We learn from the Boston Post that Rev. Mr. Norris, Editor of the Olive Branch, while receiving some letters and papers at the Post Office the other day, was robbed of a wallet containing $50, by a light-fingered gentleman who was standing behind him, and who vanished before the loss was discovered.

Mail Robbery.—The Worcester Mail bag containing letters, &c., for Hartford, Ct., was stolen from the depot in Worcester on Tuesday of last week. It was afterwards found by a watchman in a privy connected with the depot, completely rifled of its contents

A FACT.—"Excuse me for turning my back to you, sir," said a beauty, who carried a "rear guard" of shocking proportions. "Make no apologies, Miss," said the gentleman, glancing significantly at her stupendous—Bustle—"your back is sufficiently imposed upon now!"

STATE OF MAINE.

BY THE GOVERNOR.

A PROCLAMATION

For a Day of Public Thanksgiving and Praise.

The paternal kindness of a beneficent Creator has conducted us to the close of another season; the labors of the year are about to terminate, and we are permitted to rejoice in a competent provision for the wants of a rigorous and protracted winter.

Improving a season so well adapted to awaken emotions of gratitude and adoration, we have been accustomed annually, to render to the Bountiful Giver of all good, our united offerings of Thanksgiving and Praise; to commemorate His unmerited and never failing goodness, and to implore a continuance of the public and private blessings He has in times past so freely granted.

In compliance with this appropriate and time honored custom, I have, with the advice and consent of the Executive Council, appointed THURSDAY, THE FOURTH DAY OF DECEMBER next, as a day of Public Thanksgiving and Praise; and I recommend to the people of this State to assemble on that day in their respective places of public worship for the performance of such religious exercises as may be proper for the occasion; and to abstain from labor and recreation inconsistent therewith.

Reviewing the year which is about to close, we shall find, in the dangers we have escaped and the blessings we have enjoyed, abundant cause of gratitude to God. We have been mercifully protected from the pestilence which walketh in darkness, and saved from the scourge of desolating war.

The institutions of religion, of learning, and philanthropy have been maintained in their accustomed vigor, and our civil and religious liberties have been unimpaired.

The various avocations of an industrious community have met with an adequate return, and the harvest, with a single exception, has bountifully rewarded the labors of the husbandman.

In the fruition of so much good, let us unitedly offer unto Him who has so liberally endowed us, the sincere homage of thankfulness and praise; let us join in unfeigned acknowledgments for the national prosperity and individual happiness with which we have been favored, and beseech from His gracious Providence a continuance of the blessings He has hitherto vouchsafed to us.

And while surrounded by the comforts and enjoyments of life, may the kindly associations with which the day is so intimately connected, dispose us to works of benevolence and charity; may it lead us all to serious and salutary reflection, and incline us to seek, through the mediation of our Saviour, a final acceptance with God.

Given at the Council Chamber, at Augusta, this eighth day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-five, and of the Independence of the United States, the seventieth.

H. J. ANDERSON.

By the Governor:
WM. B. HARTWELL, Secretary of State.

BE AS EASY AS YOU CAN. Whatever you have to do—happen what may—never fight, foam or chafe; but endeavor to preserve a temperate calmness of mind, which may be largely secured by habit, and which contributes not only to your success, but likewise is essential to your general comfort. There is a happy medium between phlegmatic and lazy indifference, and self-destroying irratability—and it is a medium, combining at once energy and calmness, at which every one who has any thing to do in this world should aim. Why what fever will a man put himself into to-day, about that which he will laugh at to-morrow, and yet—so little wisdom do we learn by experience—you may on the following morn, hear the same individual once more in one of Sir Anthony Absolute's frenzies His life is a succession of passionate surges and of mental earthquakes. He frets himself, as it were, into fiddle-strings, but makes no music. He dies, indeed, before he reaches smooth waters and unclouded skies—a victim to his temper. He was a good fellow—yes a philosopher—who always took a pinch of snuff between flushing his bird and firing at it. He was never fluried; though if we were a "bird" we would rather be shot at by any other gunner than by him. There's nothing like coolness—it never breaks things in its impatience. Coolness—did you ever see it tumble up stairs, or do itself a mischief? Study to be cool—ay, even if the house be on fire, or the horse run away. Dangers retreat when coolly they are confronted.

☞ There is nothing that annoys a tidy house keeper so much as to have her carpet spotted with lamp oil or grease, and we therefore make known for their benefit, the following reciepe for extracting oil or grease spots from carpets or cloths. Cover the grease spot with whiting and let it remain until it becomes saturated with the grease, then scrape it off and cover it with another coat of whiting, and if this does not entirely remove the grease, repeat the application. Three coats of whiting will in most cases, remove the spot, when it should be brushed off with a clothes brush.

A DEATH INDEED. To-day (says the New York Express of a late date,) the mortal remains of Mrs. Hannah Gough—who died on Sunday, aged 109 years, 11 months and 15 days—are to be intered. Mrs. Gough was in possession of her faculties until the last moment. She had seen and conversed with every President of the United States. When Geo. Washington Parke Custis was here, she was sent for to go and see him but was too feeble to accept the invitation.

A clock maker in New York has recently constructed a curious clock. Instead of the usual dial, the hours and minutes are marked upon a revolving double globe, presenting the real time only to the eye. For hands he has the scythe of that stern tyrant Time, encircling an arc of the globe, and clipping the minutes and hours as they pass.

In Mexico, it is said, there are three thousand five hundred secular clergy, one thousand seven hundred monks and two thousand nuns, own property valued at one hundred millions of dollars.

GOING IT ALONG.—One of the Rochester papers tells a clever story of the celebration of the fourth of July, by one of the patriotic citizens of that town, by himself. Disdaining the annoyance of a crowd, and detesting gunpowder fulmination, he shut himself up in the solitude of his office, where, after locking the door and putting the key in his pocket, he produced for his individual and private fructification, two bottles of not recent vintage. He then proceeded to read the declaration of Independence, and John Adams' immortal letter. Afterwards he delivered an eloquent, patriotic, and impressive oration. Next he sung a national ode.—At this stage of the proceeding he confesses a degree of thirst, and dispensing with dinner he removed the cloth. He recollects having drank a toast for each of the glorious thirteen States, but conceives that he lost himself among the volunteers. He feels sure, however, that his love of country was never more ardent, or his attachment to free institutions more sincere than on that occasion.

☞ The victims of Consumption, in looking about them for relief, should remember that Dr. Buchan's Hungarian Balsam of Life is, in every respect a perfect remedy,—and beware of mere palliatives!

From the New York Christian Observer.

Dr. Buchan's Hungarian Balsam is universally admitted, by the profession, to be unrivalled in its chemical combinations, safe and salutary in its composition, and the most infallible remedy for Pulmonary Consumptions ever discovered.

Pamphlets respecting this Great English Remedy may be had gratis of MOSES HAMMOND, the only agent in Paris.

MARRIED.

In Springfield, Mass., Oct. 16th, by Rev. G. W. Bailey, Rev. N. C. Hodgdon, of East Randolph N H (formerly of this town) to Miss Mahala A. Hadley, of Cavendish, Vt.

DIED.

In Norway, 30th ult. Mr. Joshua Crocket, aged 50
In Dixfield, 10th ult. Boyden Griffeth, aged 2 years and 6 months.—20th very suddenly Miss Cynthia Gould aged about 60.
In Gilead, 25th ult. of consumption Asa Kimball Esq. aged 46.
In Northport, 1st ult. Mr. Isaac Jackson, aged 80, a revolutionary pensioner, and formerly of this town.

TO THE CITIZENS
Of Portland and Vicinity.
GREAT SALE OF
DRY GOODS.
FOR A FEW DAYS.
The New York
CHEAP STORE.

THERE will be opened and on sale this morning (Thursday) at the Store occupied by Mrs Reeves, under the United States Hotel, a very extensive and valuable stock of

DRY GOODS,

direct from New York. The entire stock was purchased by one of the wealthiest and most thorough business Houses in that city, and the advertiser has positive orders to sell them at reduced prices. The stock contains all kinds of Wool, Cotton and Wool and Silk Dress Goods, all kinds of Wool and Cashmere Shawls, Domestics, Broadcloths and Cassimeres, and a great variety of other articles. Ladies and gentleman are invited to call and examine the Stock, and they may be assured that every article will be sold at less prices than they can be purchased in New York City.

☞ The Public are informed that these Goods *are not remnants* of old stocks, but are *new* and *fresh*—selected *expressly* for the Portland Market. [Oct. 28.—2w3

Real Estate

AT AUCAION.

WILL be sold at public Auction, on the premises, on Thursday, the 3d day of December next, all the Real Estate of LARNARD SWALLOW, late of Buckfield, in the County of Oxford, deceased.

Said Real Estate consists of a large Two Story

Dwelling House,

well finished, to which is attached a Porch, Carriage House, and Wood-shed, commodious Barns, and Black-Smith's Shop, together with a Water Privilege sufficient to carry Shop Machinery. The House is supplied with a good well of pure water. Water of the purest quality is also carried in an aequeduct to the Kitchen, Cellar, and Barn, from a never failing Spring in the garden.—Adjoining the buildings is a garden, *a young engrafted Orchard of Apple, Plum, and Cherry Trees*, consisting of about four acres, which is situated on the banks of the River near Heald's Mills.

50 ACRES of PASTURE and WOOD LAND, about 25 acres of each, situated some 50 rods up river. A large part of the Woodland is covered by *a young and vigorous growth of Hard Wood*

12 ACRES of PASTURE & TILLAGE LAND, seperated from the garden by a Street only. A few acres of it thinly covered by a thrifty growth of *Sugar Maples* within 25 rods of the House.

18 ACRES of INTERVALE, of a *rich, light Soil*, which as well as all the other parcels of land border on the River

One Pew in the Church at Buckfield Village.
Also—Several Tons of Hay.

G. C. SWALLOW, Executor.
Buckfield, Oct. 30, 1845. 3w 26

PROBATE NOTICES.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of October in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty five.

Alpheus Swann, Administrator of the estate of James Swann, late of Bethel, in said county, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said deceased.

It was *Ordered*, that the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at said Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris aforesaid on the last Tuesday of November next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

GEO. F. EMERY, Register.
26 Copy—Attest: GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

At a Court of Probate, held at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of October, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-five—

Branch Leavitt, Executor of the last Will and Testament of Isaac Leavitt, late of Turner, in said county, deceased, having presented his third account of administration of the estate of said deceased,

It was *Ordered*, that the said Executor give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at said Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Paris, on the first Tuesday of January next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

GEO. F. EMERY, Register.
26 Copy—Attest: GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

At a Court of Probate, held at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of October, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-five.

Amasa Holman, Guardian of Charles and Thomas C. Dean, minor children of Thomas Dean, late of Canton, in said county, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said minors,

It was *Ordered*, that the said Guardian give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at said Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Paris, on the first Tuesday of January next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

GEO. F. EMERY, Register.
26 Copy—Attest: GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

At a Court of Probate, held at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of October, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-five.

On the Petition of **Philip Eastman**, Guardian of Irene B., Thomas H., Ann L., Mary L., Lois M. and George M. Gage, all minor children of Leander Gage, late of Waterford, in said county, deceased, praying for License to sell said minors real estate situated in said Waterford, as particularly described in said Petition, for the purpose of putting out and securing for them the proceeds thereof on interest,—

It was *Ordered*, that the said Petitioner give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, aforesaid, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Waterford, on the Monday preceding the third Tuesday of January next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

GEO. F. EMERY, Register.
26 Copy—Attest: GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

At a Court of Probate, held at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of October, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-five.

On the Petition of **Zebulon Norton**, Guardian of Robert Pierpont, of Livermore, in said county, Non compos mentis, praying for License to sell at private sale the whole of the real estate of said Pierpont, as a partial sale thereof would injure the residue, for the purpose of paying the debts of said Pierpont and incidental charges,—

It was *Ordered*, that the said Guardian give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, in said county, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said county, on the last Tuesday of November next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

GEO. F. EMERY, Register.
*26 Copy—Attest: GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

At a Court of Probate, held at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of October, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-five—

Charles Walker, Administrator of the estate of Abigail Walker, late of Fryeburg, in said county, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said deceased,

It was *Ordered*, that the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at said Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Fryeburg, on the third Tuesday of January next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed

GEO. F. EMERY, Register.
26 Copy—Attest: GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

At a Court of Probate, held at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of October, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-five—

On the Petition of **Pamelia Lufkin**, Widow of Samuel Lufkin, late of Rumford, in said county, deceased, praying for an allowance out of the personal estate of said deceased,

It was *Ordered*, that the said Widow give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, aforesaid, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Paris, on the last Tuesday of November next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

GEO. F. EMERY, Register.
26 Copy—Attest: GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

At a Court of Probate, held at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of October, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-five—

On the Petition of **Samuel Lufkin**, late of Rumford, in said county, deceased, praying for license to sell the real estate of said deceased as may be necessary to raise the sum of six hundred dollars for the payment of the debts of said deceased and incidental charges—

It was *Ordered*, that the said Petitioner give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, aforesaid, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Paris, on the last Tuesday of November next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

GEO. F. EMERY, Register.
25 Copy—Attest: GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

At a Court of Probate, held at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of October, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-five.

A certain Instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of Israel Paul, late of Livermore, in said county, deceased, having been presented for Probate:

It was *Ordered*, that notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at said Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Paris, on the last Tuesday of November next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the said Instrument should not be proved, approved, and allowed as the last Will and Testament of said deceased.

GEO. F. EMERY, Register.
26 Copy—Attest: GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Executor of the last Will and Testament of

JOSEPH F. HEARD,

late of Porter, in the county of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate, to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to JAMES HEARD.

Oct. 21, 1845. 26

Administrator's Sale.

WILL be sold at public Auction on Saturday, the sixth day of December next, at 4 o'clock P. M., at the Store of Thompson & Swasey in Canton, all the Real Estate heretofore unsold of the late

ELIJAH SHACKLEY,

consisting of the farm on which Ephraim Shackley now lives, subject to a certain Bond, the tenor of which and terms of payment will be made known at the time and place of sale.

WM K KIMBALL, Administrator.
Nov. 2nd, 1845. 26

IN BANKRUPTCY:

Assignee's Sale.

BY order of the U. S. District Court for the Maine District, I will sell at

PUBLIC AUCTION,

at the house of William Martin in Denmark, on Wednesday, the 19th of Nov. at 10 o'clock A. M., said Martin's interest (being his life estate) in about 25 acres of land, in said Denmark, which he now occupies.

All said Martin's interest in a yoke of Oxen.

All said Martin's interest in a Horse mortgaged to Dr Levi Sawyer. Terms—Cash.

JOHN W. DANA, Assignee.
Oct. 30th, 1845. 26

Notice.

CAME into the enclosure of the subscriber on the 11th day of October last, a 3 years old HEIFER. Said Heifer is of a red color, white face, and has the letter B and two crosses or two X X's cut with scissors on her left side, and an X on the rump on the right side. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges, and take her away.

RUFUS STOWELL.
Paris, Nov. 1, 1845. 3w26

Sale at Auction.

WILL be sold at public Auction, at the residence of the subscriber, commencing on

MONDAY,

the 3d day of November next, and continuing from week to week until all are sold, unless previously disposed of at private sale,—

1000 STORE SHEEP, and
2000 MUTTON "

ALSO—STOCK, of all kinds, will be offered for sale at the same time

LIKEWISE—Twelve or fifteen PIGS.

AMERICA FARRAR.
Buckfield, Oct. 21, 1845. *25

Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

THE Copartnership heretofore existing under the name and firm of

CROCKER, GILLET & CUMMINGS,

is by mutual consent this day dissolved.

THOMAS CROCKER.
DENNIS GILLET.
B. C. CUMMINGS.

Oct. 4th, 1845, 6w 23

THE Manufacturing business will be continued at Locke's Mills as formerly under the name and firm of

Crocker, Cummings & Co.

TREASURER'S NOTICE,—SWEDEN.

NOTICE is hereby given to the non-resident proprietors and owners of Land and other Real Estate in the town of Sweden, County of Oxford and State of Maine, that Edwin Sanderson, Collector for the year 1844, has certified to me that the same are taxed in the Bills committed to him to collect by the Assessors of said town of Sweden, and the following sums remain unpaid, viz:—

Residents.	No. Lot,	Division	No Acres	Value, $	Total Tax,
Owner unknown,	20	2	27	71	43
	29	2	100	100	61
	78	2	2	20	24
			61	200	1 33
3|5 Parsonage Farm			4	5	11
Deficiency of highway tax for the year 1843,					1 68
3|5 Parsonage Farm,			9¼	155	1 68
Unknown	20	2	8	50	71
	78	2	61	215	2 99

BENJ. NEVERS, } Treasurer of the
Sweden, Oct. 7th, 1845. } Town of Sweden.
6w 23

Notice of Foreclosure.

WHEREAS ALFORD BRACKETT, of Gorham in the County of Cumberland, yeoman, by his deed of Mortgage dated the second day of August, in the year 1837, which deed is recorded in the Oxford Registry of Deeds, Book 28, page 330, mortgaged to Sarah Richardson, of Dixfield in said County of Oxford, widow, a certain parcel or tract of land situated in said town of Dixfield, it being the North end of Lot numbered Four, in the Eighth Range of Lots in said town of Dixfield, containing sixty-seven acres, more or less, (for a particular description of which, reference may be had to said Records:) and whereas, said Mortgage was duly assigned to me, the subscriber, by said Sarah Richardson, on the 25th day of April, A. D. 1833, which deed of assignment is recorded in the Oxford Registry, Book 41, page 33; and whereas the condition of said Mortgage has been broken, I therefore claim to foreclose the same.

JACOB SEAVEY.
Oct 22, 1845. * 3w 25

Commissioners' Notice.

THE creditors of the Estate of Harrison Whitman, late of Woodstock, deceased, are notified that a further time of two months from this date is allowed to them to exhibit and prove their claims; and for the reception thereof the undersigned will be in session at the Office of Levi Stowell, in Paris, on Saturday, the 20th day of December next, from ten o'clock A. M. to 4 o'clock P. M. of said day.

LEVI STOWELL, } Com'rs.
WM. RUSS, }
Oct. 21, 1845. 25

Strayed, or Stolen,

FROM the enclosure of the subscriber on the 13th day of September last, a dark red MARE; she had a black mane and tail, and a white stripe on one side of her nose about six inches long—partly upon one side of the nose, and is about twelve years of age. Any person who will give information where said Mare may be found or return her to the subscriber, shall be suitably rewarded.

EPHRAIM HARLOW.
West Buckfield, Oct. 16, 1845. *24

SIMEON CUMMINGS,

AGENT for Monmouth Mutual Fire Insurance Company, Paris Hill. 6mejune10

BOOKS AND STATIONERY.

THE Subscriber keeps constantly a general assortment of Books and Stationery articles, which are offered for sale on reasonable terms—Among which are Bibles, Testaments, Hymn-Books, a variety of Sunday-School books, different works on History, Biography, Chemistry, Philosophy, Geology, and other reading books too numerous to particularize in a short advertisement—Also—School books of almost every description now in use, Writing-books, Ink, Pencils, Sand boxes, Blotting-sand, Paper-folders, Wafers, &c. &c. &c.

☞ WANTED in exchange for the above—Cash, Clean paper-rags, and country produce. For further particulars enquire of BENJ. WALTON.
Paris Hill, April 29, 1845.

DENTISTRY, DENTISTRY.

FILLING, Separating, Cleaning and Setting Artificial Mineral Pivot Teeth, done by
T. H. BROWN, Paris-Hill.

Price.—Filling with Gold, from 50 cts to $1,00.
do Tin Foil, 25 50.
Cleaning set of Teeth, 50 1,00.
Setting Pivot Teeth, $1,00 1,50. & 2,00
Work warranted.—March 28. tf 47

For Coughs, Colds, Consumptions, and all Diseases of the Throat, Lungs and Chest.

THE VEGETABLE PULMONARY BALSAM is an *old, well tried*, and almost universally approved remedy. It has been extensively used for the last 15 or 20 years in almost every city and town in New England, and also very extensively at the South and West. It is recommended and prescribed by many of the most respectable physicians as a *safe, convenient* and *very effectual* medicine, and acknowledged by thousands, who have for a long time used it, to be the most valuable remedy for the above complaints ever offered to the American public.

The proprietors of this article cannot resort to the style of advertising which is often adopted at the present day. They do not wish to deceive the credulous and unsuspecting, but appeal, with confidence, to the facts, and experience of the discerning public. There are few individuals in New England who have not used this preparation themselves, or who have not friends who have used it. Numerous certificates from physicians and others, having for many years been published, it is deemed unnecessary to add any at this time. Be sure to get the *genuine*. Call for it by its *whole name*, "*Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam*," and avoid "*Carter's* Pulmonary Balsam," and the numerous imitations which has sprung up in consequence of the great celebrity of the *true* article. See that it is signed Wm. Jos'n Cutler. Prepared by Reed, Wing & Cutler, wholesale druggists, 64 Chatham street, Boston, and sold by druggists, at all counties, and country merchants generally. Price 50 cents.

THOMAS CROCKER, Agent for this place
1y27

LIST OF LETTERS

REMAINING in the POST OFFICE at PARIS, ME., September 30, 1845.

Bease, Miss Olive	Irish, Eben'r
Bandit, Paul	Jackson, Jacob
Chandler, Miss Harriet N.	Maxim, Zenas
Cummings, Jairus L. 2	Parlin, Robinson
Crocker, Jonathan	Ryerson, Miss Charlotte J.
Cushman Albert	Robinson, Preston 2
Caldwell, J. P.	Robinson, Mrs Mary
Clerk of Courts, 32	Ramsdell Job
Dean, Edmund	Swift, Mrs. Lucy
Dunham, Sebra	Simonton, Mrs. Charlotte
Daniels, Jacob	Stevens, Miss Luthera
Daniels, Miss Harriet	Skillings, Robert
Durell, Samuel F.	Sturtevant, Mrs. Polly
Dickson, Mrs E. W.	Swift, Alvin
Evans, Miss Clarinda J.	Tarbox, Miss R. C.
Felton, Jona. W.	Verell, Daniel H
Hubbard, Hiram	Verell, Daniel
Hathaway, Milo	

G. W. MILLETT, P. M.

POETRY.

NATURE AND ART.

AN EPIGRAM.

When Eve, the first of human kind,
As Queen of Eden roved,
Her thoughts were free as mountain wind,
And all who saw her loved.
The Eagle screamed a lofty note,
The Lion tossed his mane,
And e'en the Linnet's little throat
Essayed a flattering strain.
The eye—the lip—the soul-fraught face—
Those won the first of men;
Each movement gave to life a grace,
To deck the mother of our race—
There were no bustles then.

[ANSWER.]

CIVILIZATION AND ART.

AN EPIGRAM.

When Eve through early Eden moved,
And tuned her maiden voice,
It was not strange that Adam loved,
He'd only Hobson's choice.
But when *ten* girls are found at home,
When chance for scarce *two* men,
Not *idle* grace nor "linnet's" hum,
Will catch the beau: to make him come,
Each girl must "*bustle*" then.

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE BENJAMIN RUSSELL. The worthy editor of the Columbian Centinel was always a model of enterprise and industry. For years after he commenced the publication of that paper, he not only acted as the sole editor, and reporter, but also worked considerably at the case, in setting type, and performed a goodly share of the press-work. It is related of him, that once having published an article which was considered personal, and highly offensive, by a certain individual of high standing in the community, the aggrieved person visited him armed with a cowskin and fully determined to give him a sound threshing. According to the custom of the time, he was arrayed in white kerseymere small clothes, white silkstockings, and white vest. Mr Russell was at the time busily engaged, with his coat off and shirt sleeves rolled up handling the press balls for distributing ink—*rollers* were not known in those days—and his astonishment may be easily imagined when he saw a well-dressed gentleman enter the office abruptly, in the towering passion, and aim a blow at him with a cowskin! The printer fronted his antagonist and very naturally made a pass at him with his press balls, which took effect one on his snowy vest, the other on his left cheek and forehead. Another blow with the cowskin—another thrust with the balls—which served admirably well the purpose of both sword and shield. In a few minutes the advocate of Lynch law, who, when he entered the office, looked as neat and trim as if he had just been taken from a band box, was covered with ink—printers' ink—black and oily, from head to foot—his hat knocked off in the melee—his gay costume was transformed into a suit of mourning, and his face was as black and glossy as a native citizen of Timbuctoo. He soon found he was playing a losing game, and beat a retreat, followed by the printer, who had now got his hand in, and gave his assailant a last furious push between his shoulder, as he sprang into the street, mentally resolving never again to molest a printer when engaged in his calling. [Boston Jour.

THE MOTHER OF JOE SMITH.—A correspondent of the Albany Atlas, writing from Nauvoo, or the "City of St. Joseph," as the Mormons style it, gives the following discription of a call made upon the family of Joe Smith:

"I of course called upon the widow of Joe Smith, who I found a plain woman enough, without anything remarkable about her, that I could observe. She appeared not at all displeased with the attentions of our party in calling upon her, and answered our questions very readily. She had a little Joe in her arms.—The mother of the deceased prophet is quite another sort of woman. The old lady is the keeper of the Egyptian mummies, and various relics and curiosities, which she exhibited to the public at two bits per head. While exhibiting traps, the old lady gives an account of the manner of her son Joe's finding the golden plates and also informs the spectator that her deceased son interpreted the hieroglyphics upon the mummy cases, which figures corroborated perfectly everything Joe had ever said, and confirmed beyond the shadow of a doubt his divine mission—She tells the same things to every visitor, and if she weeps as much with every one as she did while relating her story to me she would be invaluable in Boardway, on a dusty day.—Poor old woman! she trusts in the prophet Joseph with her whole heart. William Smith, the brother of Joe, is a man of some influence among his people, and is one of the 'Twelve,' a list of whom I will give below, but he is not regarded with anything like the same veneration as was his brother. They say he (William,) is a tolerably good Mormon, but the prophet Joseph was of course an out-and-outer William is very sociable, and would called the worle over, a jolly dog.—I could not help thinking him out of place among the ascetic looking long-headed fellows, his coadjutors of the 'Twelve.'

The community are governed entirely in their spiritual, and I rather think some what in their temporal concerns, by a council composed of Twelve men, who are called Elders, and each has certain duties, whom not acting as members of the Grand council. They have also titles of honor."

A NEW REASON! We heard an old bruiser, the other day, advising a youngster to get married, "because, then," said he, "my boy, you'll have somebody to pull off your boots for you when you go home drunk."

DECATUR.

The United States Nautical Magazine for September, in reviewing a book called "Battles of the British Navy," by Joseph Allen, a task which implies only pointing out the most glaring misstatements, tells an anecdote of the immortal Decatur, which, to us at least, is new. It seems the Englishman, in the plenitude of his assurance intimates that Decatur was mistaken in the identity of the Macedonian, and he tried to escape when he discovered the command of Capt. Carden. To show the absurdity of such romance, the Magazine tells the following anecdote:

"Before the war, Capt. Carden and the Macedonian were at Norfolk; Decatur was there, too, and a warm intimacy soon joined in friendship two kindred hearts. While discussing naval affairs one day, Carden said, 'Decatur, your ships are good enough, and you are a clever set of fellows; but what practice have you had in war? there's the rub. One of these days we will probably have a 'brush' together, and if I catch your ship at sea, I will knock her into a cocked hat, Stephen.' 'I *will bet you a hat* on it.' The bet was agreed on, and the conversation changed.

"But a few months elapsed ere the war that had been threatening commenced, and the two Captains, by some singular coincidence, *met*. The results of the action are known. Captain Carden, on going on board the United States, was received by a lieutenant at the gangway, to whom he tendered his sword. 'Not to me, sir,' said the officer, 'but to the Captain.' 'And where is the Captain?' said the embarrassed Englishman. 'He is standing aft there; that is the gentleman, sir, in a tarpaulin hat and round jacket.

"Carden went aft, and his feelings on meeting, under such circumstances, his old friend, may be imagined. As he offered his sword to Decatur, that officer said, 'No, Carden, I never take the sword of a brave man; you have fought gallantly;' 'but,' said he, laying his hand on the other's shoulder, 'I will *take that hat*, my dear fellow.'

"In transferring to the United States, the suite of Captain Carden, a fine band was included. In the afternoon, when dinner was announced in the cabin, Captain Carden said to Cecatur, 'those musicians are very skillful, and I always had them on deck while at my dinner.' 'Very well,' said Decatur, 'we will have them up.' The band was ordered on deck to play, and Commodore Decature what air he would like to hear. 'Let them play Britannia rules the Waves,' said he, with a sigh laugh."

AN EXCELLENT SENTIMENT.—Frederika Bremer, the talented Swedish authoress, remarks: "We should not *preach* so much to people, we should give them an interest in life, something to love, something to live for; we should, if possible, make them happy, or put them in a way to happiness—then they would unquestionably become good."

The Government of Waldek, in Germany, has prohibited the issuing of a marriage license to persons of intemperate habits; that is intemperate in the use of intoxicating drinks: gluttons will be allowed to marry as heretofore, and temperate dealers in falsehood and scandal are not forbidden to enjoy "conjugal transports," as Swedenborge calls them.

TRUE TO HIS ORDER.—Mr. Sergeant Davy, eminent in the last century, was once upbraided with lowering 'the dignity of the profession,' by accepting silver as fees from a client. 'I took silver,' he said, 'because I could not get gold, but I took every rap the fellow had; and if you call that lowering the dignity of the profession, I don't know what the dignity is.'

GERMINATING SEEDS UNDER COLORED GLASS.—A curious discovery has been made by the Secretary of the Royal Polytechnical Society of England, and it is said to be one which may prove of great importance in cultivating new exotics. By this it is proved that the *yellow and red rays are destructive to germination*, while under the influence of violet, indigo, blue light, the process of germination is quickened in a most extraordinary manner. The rationale is, that every beam of light, proceeding from its solar source, is a bundle of different colored rays, to the absorption or reflection of which we owe all that infinite diversity of color which is one of the greatest charms of creation. These rays being known to possess different functions, the light which penetrates colored glass partakes of the character of the ray which corresponds with the glass in color; thus blue glass admits the blue or the *chemical* rays to the exclusion of others; yellow class admits only the penetration of the *luminous* rays, while red glass cuts off all but the heating rays which pass it freely. This affords a very easy method of growing plants under the influence of any particular light that may be desired.

Some onions happened to be planted near a bed of poppies, and, in consequence of their close neighborhood to the somniferous flowers, *they became so sleepy that they could scarcely be pulled out of their beds.*

A minister in Vermont has forbidden any one to play a violin in his church. He says, however serious his thoghts may be, the moment he hears a fiddle, he goes to thinking *how he used to dance.*

A cheerful temper, joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good natured. It will lighten sickness, poverty, & affliction, convert ignorance into an amiable simplicity, and render deformity itself agreeable.

A PAINTER'S VISITOR.

I was moping about my studio one bleak November afternoon, as melancholy as a lovesick oyster in dog-days—the world did not go well with me, and I had half a mind to quarrel with it—the devil might have danced a hornpipe in my pockets without breaking his shins over a solitary copper, for I had given the last one to the penny postman a few hours before, for a duning letter. The duce take him, I hated the sight of that Postman, as I did those faithful followers of genius, the tipstaffs. He had the most inquisitive, queer shaped little nose that ever disfigured the human countenance, and made his otherwise not ill-looking mug look quite out of fashion; his letters always gave me the blues, and if ever I want to paint an emblem of ill luck, the remembrance of his face will be my model. There came a rap at the door, I thought it must be the little rascal coming again with another dunning letter, for excepting him there had been not one call for the last week, but it proved to be a don of another color.

"Mr. Palmer, I presume," said the visitor. I took a long look at the chap, not there was any thing very peculiar or interesting about him, but it was so seldom that any one called, that I thought he must have got into the wrong shop.

His appearance, too, rather confirmed me in this conjecture, for there was a sort of I-don't-know-what-to-do-with-my-self manner with him that we do not often see in those who seek immortality by the means of paint and canvass. Altogether he had the look of a cashiered journeyman tailor, reduced to the rank of walking advertisement to the same establishment. However, he did not long leave me in doubt. He continued,

"I am very fond of the fine arts; passing your door I saw your sign and dropped in. I am having my portrait painted," (he mentioned by whom and where, the name of the painter was unknown to the arts, at least I had never heard it before, nor have I since; it was in Rome, or Oswego, or Scipio, or some other place in the western part of New York. "I am going to tell you what I would tell nobody else, for I have no disposition to injure you. I dont like your pictures."

'Very well, sir,' I replied, with one of my best stereotyped business smiles. I regret not being able to please one who appears to be so good a judge, but as we are greatly indebted to judicious criticism for a number of improvements, perhaps you will oblige me by pointing out the parts that you think the most defective."

"I don't like your noses, they are all too large."

"Do you know any of the persons of whom they were painted?

"No I don't know any of them, but I don't like large noses." He would be charmed with the nasal organ of the postman. "Any thing else?"

"Yes, I don't like your coats—that feller who is painting my picture, paints the coats so natural that you can tell to a shilling a yard what the cloth cost."

"You astonish me. Is there any thing else?"

"No, not as I knows on, but there is no more comparison between your pictures and his'n than there is between a penny whistle and a German flute."

Well, as he had astonished me, I could not in common civility do less than attempt at least to astonish him: so I exchanged the smile for a look, one might be supposed to have who had all his life lived upon crab apples and vinegar. "Now sir, in return for your candid remarks, allow me to give a piece of advice that may be of service to you whenever you may again have occasion to visit a collection of portraits; it is to look on, but keep your tongue still; but for that unruly member, you might have passed for a wiser man than many of your betters. There is the door—walk out."

"Why, sir, I meant no offence."

"I dare say not, no more than I do when I tell you that by walking out quietly and quickly you will save me the trouble of kicking you out."

He began to think that matters looked serious, and made to the door, he had gained the head of the stairs, and with his hand upon the banister, gave me his last look and this parting benediction, "you are the d——st *dunner* I ever saw," and bolted. He had the best of it, had he not?

Congressional Globe and Appendix. Messrs Blair and Rives will commence the publication of the Congressional Globe and Appendix, and during the ensuing session of congress will employ able reporters. The Congressional Globe will contain all the proceedings of congress from day to day; the Appendix will contain the speeches of members on both sides, corrected by themselves. The numbers will be printed as fast as matter is furnished by the proceedings and speeches. It is believed that the next session will furnish matter for each of about 1000 pages.

A Washington letter says it is estimated that the deficiency in the Post Office receipts chargable upon the Treasury, will be nearly a million and a half of dollars.

A good anecdote is told of Dr. Physic, of Philadelphia. A woman came to him one day in a great deal of trouble, on the account of her son having swallowed a penny, and begging advice in the case. 'Pray madam, was it counterfeit?' said the doctor. "No, a good cent," replied the afflicted mother. "Then it will *pass*, of course," rejoined the facetious physician.

DR. JOHN D. BUZZELL'S
Family Medicines.

VEGETABLE BILIOUS BITTERS.

THESE Bitters are particularly serviceable when used alone in all cases of obstructions in the stomach and bowels, in chronic affections of the liver, and all other derangements and diseases proceeding from a diseased state of that organ; such as loss of appetite, fulness of the stomach, costiveness, dizziness and headache, Jaundice, Asthma, Dropsy, Rheumatism, Indigestion, Dysentery, Faintness and sinking in the stomach, eruptions on the face and neck, and are an excellent purifier of the Blood. When these Bitters are taken in connection with the Vegetable Pills and Anti-acid preparation they will remove most inveterate chronic diseases, even in cases where no remedy has been successfully administered.

VEGETABLE BILLIOUS PILLS.

The reputation of these Pills stands unrivalled for the cure of nervous or Bilious headache, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia and all disorders of the stomach: they are so compounded as to be slow in their operation, but after they have thoroughly operated upon the stomach and bowels, seven or eight pills is sufficient to purge the system, and in their operation they not only purge from it all the stomach and bowels from every impurity, but strengthen and give new life and vigor to the digestive organs, &c.

ANTI-ACID AND CARMITATIVE PREPARARION.

This medicine has been successfully used for the cure of sour risings in the stomach, and is a valuable operative in all cases of nervous irritability and hysterics, loss of breath, nervous palsy and apoplexy, &c.

COUGH MIXTURE.

The reputation of this mixture stands unrivaled for the cure of all coughs proceeding from a cold, asthma, chronic catarrh, influenza and inflammation of the lungs or pleura, and for the affections of the liver, which frequently produce a cough. It is decidedly the best medicine ever discovered for the cure of the whooping cough.

COMPOUND STRENGTHENING PLASTER.

All who have used this plaster have found it to be a sure remedy for pain in the stomach, back, sides, chest, loins, muscles, joints, &c., and for long standing lame complaints, colds, coughs, asthma, consumption, &c.

HEMORRHOIDAL, OR PILE POWDER.

This medicine may be relied upon to give immediate relief, and in most cases to effect a perfect cure of the most distressing and troublesome disease. This operates by drawing the protruded parts to their natural position, and by its astringent qualities, it will soon restore them to their former state. Try it.

Observe for the cure of the Itch and all other cutaneous complaints,

ERUPTIONS.

This ointment is a valuable and efficacious remedy for the cure of the Itch and all cutaneous complaints, such as scald head, tetter, &c.

It is a most remedy for corns and bunions upon the feet which, after using it and strictly adhering to the accompanying directions, the most extreme case of corns, bunions.

ANTI-ERUPTIVE OR COOLING POWDER.

A most remedy for inflammation of the bowels, fever and ague, and all complaints of the kind, such as Fever, Scarlet Fever, Measles, and other eruptions of the skin.

Agents—Oxford County.

Paris, J. C. MARBLE; Norway, J. Cushman; Oxford, J. Webber; New Mills, S. Lowe; Peru, Wm. Walker, Buckfield, S. Bingham, N. Hawkes; Canton, J. M. Dean; Turner, Wm. Frye, S. B. Hall; Woodstock, B. H. Hammond, Bass & Adams; Livermore, Benson & Washburn; Rumford, J. H. Wentworth, J. Graham; Dixfield, C. L. Cleaves; Mexico, J. M. Dillingham; Hebron, L. S. Bumpus; Minot, J. Pierce; Bethel, Kendall & Crocker, B. Holt, 2d; West Bethel, H. Wood; Norway, N. P. Rawson's successor, M. W. Kendall; Brunswick Post, O. C. Robbins; Peru, L. Baker, Auburn, C. S. Portland.—Oct. 28, 1841.—1y1s

F. BROWN'S
Sarsaparilla and Tomato Bitters.

THIS is no quack nostrum; it is prepared from the best materials, and the receipt has been examined and approved by many of the first Physicians in the United States.

The true means of preserving the Health and Strength is to purify the blood and correct the unhealthy state of the Bowels. For this purpose we recommend the Sarsaparilla and Tomato Bitters.

The component ingredient of these Bitters is no secret They are composed of a very strong preparation of the celebrated extract of Spanish Sarsaparilla and the extract of Tomatoes, with the addition of some of the most popular vegetable medicines the country affords.

This is the first time the medical virtues of SARSAPARILLA and TOMATOES have been combined; and the result has met the most sanguine expectations of the medical profession. The whole vegetable kingdom does not furnish two substances so admirably adapted to PURIFY, NOURISH and INVIGORATE the human system. These Bitters have all the effect of the most powerful purgatives when used in sufficient quantity, and yet are so mild in their operation that they may be given to persons in the most delicate health with perfect safety. They are also very agreeable to the taste.

These excellent Bitters will be found a certain cure in cases of Indigestion or Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Loss of Appetite, General Debility, Faintness and Sinking of the Stomach, Looseness of bowels, Costiveness, Determination of Blood to the Head, Pain in the Limbs and Side, Diarrhœa, Weakness, Dizziness, Cutaneous Eruptions on the Face and Neck, Heats, Fever, Night Sweats, Nervous and Sick Headache, Acidity of Stomach, Bilious Affections, Piles, Costiveness, and in all diseases caused by impurity of the blood, the debility of the system, or the unhealthy state of the stomach and bowels.

They are also an exceedingly efficacious in restoring constitutions broken down by sedentary employments, and have been extensively used by Clergymen, Editors, Printers, Clerks, Seamstresses, and others as others whose health had been injured by confinement and close application, with the happiest results.—They restore the action of the stomach, increase the quantity of the blood, and impart to the wan and emaciated system of the invalid the vigor and glow of true health.

These Bitters are warranted to be a purely Vegetable preparation—and mark this, that they can never do the least injury to any one whatever.

They are used by many persons as a FAMILY MEDICINE—and have been given to the YOUNGEST CHILDREN, as an aperient with the happiest effect.

The following are a few of the many new recommendations which have been sent to the proprietor of BROWN'S SARSAPARILLA and TOMATO BITTERS without solicitation. REMEMBER—Always ask for Brown's, as none are genuine otherwise.

My former agent in Portland, Me., still continues to receive Brown's Sarsaparilla and Tomato Bitters in the following terms:—

Mr. F. R. Hayes, lately one of the firm of T. B. Hayes & Co. Druggists in Portland, Me., and formerly agent for Brown's Sarsaparilla and Tomato Bitters, says he knows from experience they are one of the most valuable medicines ever used, and that no medicine ever came to his notice ever performed equally, or was ever called for so often; he knows of many that have been cured or greatly relieved by its use.

Mr. E. Mason, after having the Agency for Portland a few days writes the following:—

Mr. Brown—Sir, please send me two dozen Sarsaparilla and Tomato Bitters by the first boat. I have sold all the first lot. Our customers are pleased with them very highly, and they are recommended by some of our best physicians.

Yours, in haste, E. MASON

The following is a recommendation from Falmouth:—

To Mr. Brown, Chemist, Boston.

I certify that my wife has been afflicted with a very bad humor on her face, and at last stomach, for three years past.—After using various medicines recommended for her complaint with little or no benefit, she commenced using, by the advice of Mr. Edward Mason, Apothecary, your Sarsaparilla and Tomato Bitters, or rather is now using them; and has found more relief from the last fifteen years; and I would cheerfully recommend to all and every one who is afflicted with any of the complaints which the medicine is recommended for, to use it in preference to any in the market.

Yarmo, Respectfully, J. B. LEACH.

Falmouth, May 21, 1841.

Sold, wholesale and retail, by F. BROWN, the proprietor, at Washington-street, Boston, and Wm. Brown, at the same place, Boston; and by Druggists and regular appointed Agents in the city and country.

Agents—Paris, THOMAS CROCKER; Norway, A. C. Burnham & Co.; North Lovell, J. Coolidge, Canton Mills, J. M. Dean; Rumford, Chas. T. Cross; Rumford, Joshua Graham; Rumford Corner, J. H. Wentworth; Wilton, J. F. W. Gould; E. Wilton, J. & E. Bean; Augusta, L. Foster.

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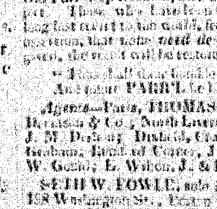
PARR'S LIFE PILLS.



THOMAS PARR,
Born 1483—Died 1635.

THIS Herbal Medicine has been used in the United States for many years, and in that time has proved its value, without any extraordinary exertion on the part of the proprietor, to every section of the United States of New York, Pennsylvania, New England States and Canada, has increased to such an extent that it is now considered one of the most popular medicines of the day. It is put up in such a manner that it will keep in any climate, and is now being introduced into the West Indies, and other parts of the world. The proprietor has received the most unequivocal testimonials of the efficacy of Parr's Life Pills in the cure of the following complaints, viz: Liver complaint, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Asthma, Piles, Fevers of all kinds, Fever and Ague, Rheumatism, Gout, Colds, Coughs, Consumption, Sore Throat, Pain in the Side, Back, and Limbs, Female Complaints, Lowness of Spirits, Nervousness, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, Habitual Costiveness, Inward Weakness, Fits, Palpitation of the Heart, Pain in the Stomach, Colic, Worms of all kinds, Scurvy, Erysipelas, Scald Head, Bad Legs, Sore Eyes, Ulcers, Swellings, Dropsy, Gravel, Blotches on the Skin, Boils, Tumors